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Three Poems

By Mercedes Lawry

Room Service Bypasses the Insomniac

My mind, a scramble,
drudge and difficult

Sleep will not come,
slant and distortion

Too many signals,
failed pills

Disappointment churns,
I can almost hear

Sardonic laughter.
Mercy is not on the menu.

Reckoning

Tired, slowpoke hump of man struggles
down the avenue, head wrapped in a beige
bandana, grease-slopped and torn. Who
calls you king, lost majesty circling
your eyes. The trees perform
a green arcade, chaos of twisted shadows
passing over your face. Nobody looks
for long. You ask for nothing, just keep on
toward what dim sorrow or manner of forgetting
will let you sleep, untouched
for one more moon-spent night.

Azaleas

That became exquisite
upon full bloom, color
of mango, lush and appropriate,
a brightness against which
greens, etc. stood solid.
Garden backdrop
to the frenzy, flower
that conjures up kissing
under a white sun, spellbound
in a wide, dun sky.

During the last 35 years, **Mercedes Lawry** has published poetry in *Poetry*, *Nimrod*, *Poetry East*, *Natural Bridge*, and elsewhere. She's published two chapbooks: *There Are Crows in My Blood*, and *Happy Darkness*. She's also published fiction and essays as well as stories and poems for children.

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